

## The First Day by ghiblitteritory

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**Summary:**

Mike is excited about this whole new house thing.

for Mileven Week 2018

## The First Day

“Moving sucks.”

The words were soft, and while Mike agreed, he rolled his eyes as he turned his attention to a pouting Eleven. The sunlight filtered in through their windows and their door that hung wide open. She had plopped on the ground, arms folded across her chest.

“Come on, it’s not that bad. It’s just lugging some boxes around.” He replied, turning back to his own stack of boxes. There were a lot of them scattered around the two story house. Some were specific- someone’s belongings or holiday things. Others were loose- clothes or pictures or something like that. Right now, he was trying to determine what the hell “linens” meant, but was distracted by the loud groans coming from Eleven. “I know, but it’s so much work! Painting, boxes, furniture- the whole truck being late thing doesn’t help.”

Mike sighed and fully turned to her, trying not to smile. “It doesn’t. But, let’s think positive about this. It’s a house all our own! In a nice neighborhood, close to the school-”

“And with your best friends.” A voice interrupted, and without much introduction, Lucas stepped through their door. Eleven instantly got up at this. “Great, you guys finally made it! Was the trip okay?” She asked, only getting a shrug in reply. “If you call Max’s shit taste in music okay, then sure, we’ll call it that.”

“You’re the one who introduced me to Wham!, jackass.” Max came up and gave Lucas a noogie, carrying a couple boxes and trotting up

the stairs. He sucked his teeth, but Mike saw the way his eyes lit up. "At least you got here safe- and with all your stuff, I'm hoping." "Yeah, no practical problems." Lucas assured them. Setting down his own boxes. "Dustin and Will are still far off, but they shouldn't be long. For now, let's get situated with what we've got."

"Couldn't agree more." Mike smiled.

For the next few hours, the four of them unpacked and made things look mostly nice. With a lack of furniture, the only decorations they had were posters and air mattresses, but they didn't seem to complain. Dustin and Will arrived pretty late, but they came with dinner, so it was a win for everyone. They ate a weird feast of grocery store food, leftovers from lunch stops on their trips, and Chinese Will had insisted they get because why the hell not? It was kind of perfect. Not really, but Mike would call it perfect.

That night, as everyone got comfortable, Mike and Eleven laid awake on a weird pallet of blankets they made on the floor. It wasn't their fort, but they were content with it. His fingers had curled up gently in her hair, messing with it a little. "Are you really mad about moving, El?" He asked after a long silence, looking down at her in the dim light. "I don't want you to not be happy with this. I mean, it's your life."

Eleven looked up at him with a furrowed brow. "What do you mean? I love this- living out here with you and our friends. It's perfect."

Well, that was reassuring. Mostly. "Then, why were you so adamant about it?" She blinked, tilting her head. "Adamant?" She asked. Oh, right. There were still a bunch of words she didn't know. "It's when you're really set on something. So, when I say you were adamant

about not wanting to help, it means you just really didn't want to."  
"...Mike, I was just being lazy."

That did make sense. Mike felt his cheeks heat up in embarrassment. "Oh. Okay, that's fair. I just-" "Read into things too much." Eleven leaned up to kiss the corner of his jaw. "It's okay. I promise I'm just as excited about this as you are. Now shut up and let's go to bed."

With that, Mike turned off the lamp they'd put beside them, and they curled up for a long life of nights like this.

**Author's Note:**

yeah i'm late but hey give me props for keeping a  
good track record for this so far